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BRITANNIA Excisa :

BRITAIN Excis'd.

*A New BALLAD to be Sung in Time, and to
some Tune.*



L O N D O N :

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ANNALS

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BRITANNIA Excise :

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*A New BALLAD to be Sung in Time, and to
some Tune.*

I.

FOLKS talk of Supplies
To be rais'd by *Excise*,
Old *CALEB* is bloodily nettl'd ;
Sure *B-----* has more Sense,
Than to levy new Pence,
Or Troops, when his Peace is quite settl'd.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons,
Excise, Wooden Shoes, and no Fury ;
Then Taxes increasing,
While Traffick is ceasing,
Would put all the Land in a Fury.

II.

From whence I conclude,
This is wrong understood,
From his Cradle B----- hated Oppression,
And our King Good and Great
Would have us All eat,
Then dread not, good People, next Session.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

III.

See this Dragon, EXCISE,
Has Ten Thousand Eyes,
And Five Thousand Mouths to devour us,
A Sting and sharp Claws,
With wide-gaping Jaws,
And a Belly as big as a Store-house.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

IV.

This Monster, Plague rot him!
The Pope first begot him,
From Rome to King Lewis he went;
From a Papist so true,
What Good can ensue?
No Wonder he'll make you keep Lent.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

V.

From France he flew over,
And landed at Dover,
To swill down your Ale and your Beer;
Now he swears he can't dine,
Without Sugar and Wine;
Thus he'll plunder you Year after Year.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

VI.

Grant these, and the Glutton
Will roar out for Mutton,
Your Beef, Bread and Bacon to boot ;
Your Goose, Pig, and Pullet,
He'll thrust down his Gullet,
Whilst the Labourer munches a Root.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

VII.

Besides, 'tis decreed,
The Monster must feed,
Before you sit down to your Dinner :
A Stomach so large
Defray'd at your Charge,
Will make you look thinner and thinner.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

VIII.

At first he'll begin ye
With a Pipe of *Virginie*,
Then search ev'ry Shop in his Rambles ;
If you force him to flee
From the Custom-house Key,
The Monster will lodge in your Shambles.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

IX.

Your Cellars he'll range,
Your Pantry and Grange,
No Bars can the Monster restrain ;
Wherever he comes,
Swords, Trumpets and Drums,
And Slavery march in his Train.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

X.

Then sometimes he stoops
To take up the Hoops
Of your Daughters as well as your Barrels :
Tho' an Army can awe
A *Tyler* or *Straw*,
Heav'n keep us from any such Quarrels.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XI.

Where the Highway-man drops ye,
The Officer stops ye,
Poor *Tom* sees his Waggon unlading :
Good Folks, stuff your Pockets
With *Permits* and with *Cockets*,
So you soon will be weary of Trading.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XII.

Excise is the Scar
Of our late Civil War,
That cut off the Church's Defender ;
To *James* it gave Hope,
To set up the Pope,
And at last may bring in the *Pretender*.

XIII.

Look Abroad, and behold
Want, Hunger, and Cold,
Nor the Soil nor the Sun are to blame,
Where the Wretches that Till,
Scarce of Bread have their Fill,
And the Vine-dresser drinks of the Stream.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

[7]

XIV.

What Sums have we pay'd
For Freedom and Trade!
Religion pay'd well for *PROTECTORS!*
But this Stock is so spent,
Fall'n Ninety *per Cent*,
It will scarce pay the Charge of *Directors*
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XV.

We pay for our Light,
Both by Day and by Night,
Malt, Salt, Shoes, News, and our Soap:
Oh! spare us, good B----!
And drop this new Job,
Or at last we can't pay for a Rope.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XVI.

Twelve Neighbours, I trow,
'Twixt your Monarch and you
Were wont to determine the Cause;
But no Justice of Peace
Your Goods will release,
When this Monster has laid on his Claws.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XVII.

Ye Landlords so willing
To save the One Shilling,
Ah! how can the Monster deceive ye?
'Tis as clear as the Day,
That threefold you'll pay,
And take what his *Myrmidons* leave you.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XVIII.

'Tis Trade must support
 Town, Country, and Court,
 Then ease the poor Weaver and Spinner :
 Oh ! think, Men of Land,
 The Shuttle must stand,
 When the Workman pays dear for his Dinner.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XIX.

Behold here the Creature,
 Contemplate each Feature,
 And if you are charm'd with his Beauty,
 Elect his false Tribe,
 But hoard up your Bribe,
 It will scarce pay the Tenth of your Duty.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

XX.

Our GEORGE, for his Fame sake,
 Will behave like his Name-sake,
 He came over this Dragon to quell;
 Set firm on his Steed
 Of true English Breed,
 He'll drive all such Monsters to Hell.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons,
Excise, Wooden Shoes, and no Fury;
Then Taxes increasing,
While Traffick is ceasing,
Would put all the Land in a Fury.

F I N I S.

